

DREGS OF  
DROLLERY  
OR OLD  
POETRY  
IN ITS  
RAGGES.

*A full cry of Hell-hounds unkennelled to go a  
King-catching;*

---

*To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.*

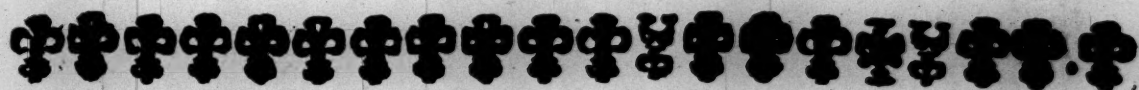
---

LONDON,  
Printed in the year 1660.

Y A H I S

I A H I S





**T**O His most Honoured Friend  
and Cousin, George Lord  
Monk, Vicount Poderidge,  
Duke of Albemarle, Earl  
of Essex, Knight of the most No-  
ble Order of the Garter, Lord Ge-  
neral of all His Majesties Forces in  
the three Kingdoms, Master of his  
Horse, and one of his most Honourable  
Privy-Council.

... ..

1940

1891

... ..

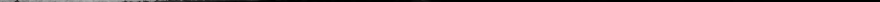
11

07/11/2011 10:11:11 AM

100

11

100








DREGS OF  
DROLLERY,  
OR  
OLD POETRY

*In its Raggs, &c.*

---

*To the Tune of Chevy-Chase.*

1.  F Buck-hunting, and Fox-catching  
I have heard ; But th'Royal Game,  
King-catching, nere was heard of yet,  
From the shrill Trumpet of Fame.

2. Yet this unheard of drerefull sport,  
I sadly sit and sing ;

( 6 )

By Rebel Rogues acted upon  
As gracious, as great King.

3. His *Judas* servants first are the  
That for unrighteous wages ;  
Him shamefully into th' hands betray  
Of Jewish bloody Sages.

4. To him all things presented are,  
Disordered in the Nation;  
And therefore must a Parliament ,  
Be call'd for Reformation.

5. *Pembroke* the wise, his mouth now ope's,  
And telleth him that he's nigh ill ;  
And that there now remains no hope,  
( As he hath heard from *Mighill* )

6. To sage advice his care bow down,  
Unless he shall prove willing ;  
Lose surely he will, his triple Crown ,  
Call'd *alias* fifteen Shilling.

7. A monstrous hand is then held forth  
Of one of *Anak's* sons ;  
With six Fingers, that their design,  
Even he may read that runs.

8. And that strange antick names be not  
Wanting to these Dissemblers ;  
These signally must now be call'd,  
*Kimbolton* and five Members.

9. These



( 7 )

9. These on a roar the whole house set  
Impetuously a crying ,  
The peoples peace can't be redeem'd  
Without great *Strafford's* dying.

10. Then tumults raise they such, no sound  
Is to be heard to ring,  
But first we will no Bishops have,  
And then wee'l have no King.

11. And these like Bull-dogs traind indeed,  
First fly't the Bishops head ,  
And never leave their hot pursuit ,  
Till *Canterbury's* dead.

12. Our blessed brethren then, the *Scots*,  
Must come into our aid ;  
For which their love they must have Pounds  
Three hundred thousand paid.

13. Horn'd *Essex* then into Regiments  
Divides his City power ;  
For which horn'd beasts all still shall be  
Upon Record i'th Tower.

14. And *Atkins* then with his wide stretch  
Doth his great Horse bestraddle,  
That of the colour of his Chain,  
Eftsoons he makes his saddle.

15. Then's *Edge-Hill-Fight*, where whil't is seen  
Many a brave soul on the ground,

Stout

(8)

Stout *Wharton* with his *Morglai* keen,  
Is in a *Saw-pit* found.

16. With more than good speed, then to th' Town  
of *Gloster* high's our Liege ;  
And with a courage like himself,  
Layeth to it a close Siege.

17. Him after Cuckold *Essex* Posts,  
And close to work he falls ;  
And with his *Rams* horns, *Josiah*-like,  
He bloweth down the City walls.

18. And thence away with winged speed,  
Getteth him into the *West* :  
The King he followeth soon, and chase  
Giveth to this Royal Beast.

19. Thence to *Exon* come, and there having chear'd  
His Dear, and bless'd his baby ;  
To *Oxon* then he hasteth away,  
With all the speed that may be.

20. And now, when *Essex* had his hire  
Of treason, by poison, paid ;  
And all his valiant traiterous acts,  
By th' wall aside are laid.

21. Black *Tom* in this curs'd Cuckolds place,  
Being now his *Oxcellence* grown,  
Tamely he hopes the King to seize,  
But findes this great Bird flown.

22. The



22. The King is now the Scottish Faith,  
For safety, forc'd to found;  
But basely they him deliver up,  
For two hundred thousand pound.

23. Now, for's possession, to *Holmeby* brought;  
One striveth to out-wit another;  
But the Independents here's too hard  
For his Presbyterian brother.

24. Thence to *Hampton-Court* in triumph led,  
He's there put in t'a fright,  
B' Horse-regiments, and therefore must  
Away to th' Isle of *Wight*.

25. *Cowes Castles* first for th' captive King,  
Thought a convenient warde;  
But then, for more security,  
Hurste Castle a stronger guard.

26. To *James* then first, thence *Westminster*;  
Where he receives his charge,  
From more *Tertullus's* than one,  
Whereon they boldl' inlarge.

27. *Black Bradshaw* then in Bloud-red-robcs,  
Old *Pontius Pilate* acts;  
And passeth on our Sovereign Lord,  
Sentence for traiterous acts.

28. To *White-Hall* last, his Royal Seat,  
With strong guards they him bring;

( 10 )

To go forth from his Banqueting-house;  
To an Heavenly banqueting.

29. One of's accusers, *Dorislans*,  
To his place ( you know ) is gone ;  
With *Hail*, his Judge ; and what o'th'rest  
Becomes, you'l hear anon.

30. And that all the Kings Enemies,  
May prosper as did they ,  
All Loyal Subjects of the King ,  
I' msure, will heart'ly pray.

*The Wise man dyeth as the Fool ; Eccles. 2. 16.*

---

**F I N I S.**

---





*An Hymne, penned by an old Barde ;  
but set to a new Tune of a latter  
date ( When I came first to Lon-  
don Town ; ) and now the rather  
thus far exposed to publick view ; for  
that it is conceived to have something  
of a Prophetick Spirit in it.*

1. **N**ow Counter-march *Noll* and face about ;  
The time is at hand of thy fatal rout ;  
Now the Lords Anointed begins t'appear ;  
No more room for thy Saints, and Idols is hear :  
And now that these cease their phanatick noises,  
Gods Preachers spite of thee, shall lift up their voices.

2. The Souldier may practice now every day,  
To trail his Pike a funeral way.  
No sound to be heard from the beat of the Drums,  
But look about *Oliver*, *Rowland* comes :  
And all the notes, the clarions sound,  
Is *Noll* must on a dry Hill be drown'd.

3. 'Tis time for thee *Oliver* to turn Hector,  
 For General thou maist not be and Protector.  
 Look well to thy self; since the people all cry,  
*Noll* must a *Tibin*-Martyr dye.

And 'tis their only unanimous vote,  
 An *Haltar*'s the knife must cut *Nolls* throat.

4. Now plaints of all sorts are entred the ears  
 Of the Highest, with Widows and Orphants tears;  
 These unto him will ne'r cease to cry,  
 Till shamefully *Noll* there come to dye, (head;  
 And these such vengeance shall draw down on thine  
 As shall make thy Nose look *Hell-fire* red.

5. Now *Mopsa* must cease to be a *Queen*,  
 And lye on her *Parley*-bed so green;  
 And from her high surfet of courtly wishes,  
 Learn her old trade of washing the dishes.  
 And since her old *Oliver*'s going to his place,  
 Finde out a new Traytor, to regain her Grace.

6. And now her *Jone*-ship the three Kingdoms sway,  
 Seeth that no longer she continue may;  
 That she may yet in some way be serv'd,  
 Though she nor bread nor water e're deserv'd;  
 From her new *Blackhall* time that she address her,  
 To her old Royal Palace of *Gurmunt*-*Chester*.

7. Now *Salisbury* and *Pembroke*, those two lofty Knaves,  
 That base *Lenthals* tamely are far baser slaves;  
 That take't for a character of their noble strain,  
 Like Hand-men, to bear up this poor Speakers train.

*Dove*



*Dove*, *Garter*, as those spurs, shall jointly loose,  
Whil' *Oliver's* neck's tyed up in a Noose.

8. Now *Pride* to his *Grain-tub* must retire,  
And *Barksteade* to's trying of dross by fire:  
The one for his *Crest* a *Thimble* shall wear,  
The other for his *Armes* a *Sling* shall bear.  
And *Vinour* and *Pack* their spurs shall loose,  
Whil' *Oliver's* neck's tyed up in a Noose.

9. Now high time for *Prideaux* to hie him away  
To *Black-Hall*, where great *Abaddon* bears sway;  
And since that of late he's drop'd into *Hell*,  
Where the *Devil* on his bones are feasting full well;  
And his *Soul* in the *Lake* the Saints still see burn,  
By Poste 'twill be late to bethink of return.

10. Now the *Eagles chicks*, with his wings displaid,  
'Gins bravely t'appear, by his fast friends aid;  
And *Coplestone* with his sharp edge eyeing,  
And the thin skull of his false honour descrying,  
On his *Cople-crown* a stone shall let fall,  
And so spoyle a Knight and a General.

11. Time then *Doctor Walker* in haste be fetch'd,  
To make his last Will, whose neck must be stretch'd,  
And thus religiously he begins,  
'Tis too late repent me of mine old sins;  
And therefore my soul, after its long night,  
To him I bequeath, hath to it most right.

12. To *Bradshaw* I give my cruelty,  
To say and seale mine hypocrisie:

To

( 14 )

To Commissioner *Fines* my cowardise,  
To *Atty Haselrigge* my covetise;  
Mine heart to my Mistris, *Lamberts* wife,  
When th' Gallows shall me have bereaft of life.

13. Return shall we to our Trade, *Pride* thou shalt be  
Great Elder of our *Swine-Presbytery*;  
And we having by Money got, and the Law of clubs,  
We'll reconverse gladly with our Draugh-tubs;  
And the *Swine* all the week we have fed with Draught  
From the same Tubs on the *Sabbath* shall rarely be  
( taught.

14. And now, as the *Swedens* late frantick Queen,  
Since no longer *I* may be what *I* have been.  
O! That *I* might to *Jamaica* go!  
But that way's obstructed both to and fro:  
The place then *I* finde must, for which *I* am bent,  
Whither mine *Harbinger Hannum* before *I* have sent.

---

Or this mock *Mock-panegyrick*.

How doth the present State towards us abound,  
From whom ought nothing, but divine Truth  
How do they their late Ancestors out-vie, ( sound?  
Towards our *Tribe* in works of piety?  
The former is confin'd to a petty cure,  
And whil' it t'a Directory they us enure;  
Though the pains they spar'd us of a studied Prayer,  
Yet made they each Pulpit their triumphant Chair.

These



These our Commission graciously enlarge,  
 And grant each of us an *Apostles* charge.  
 The former forc'd us with our dawbing praise,  
 Basely to follow their triumphant Baies.  
 These, as the purest Gold, trying us by fire,  
 Their worth constrains in silence to admire:  
 So that cause it speak to the heighth none can,  
 We may no longer speak of God, or Man;  
 And yet, whilst *Egypt's* Taskmasters did sore  
 Oppress God's people, as they still the more  
 Increast; whilst there our Bishops strive to rowt  
 Both Root and Branch, they thus still thick sprowt.  
 Each such a Bishop now, as hath no less  
 Than the whole World for his vast Diocess.  
 And so are made now, by this blessed Crew;  
 Thousands of *Gentiles* for one wandering *Jew*.  
 And therefore, when, with brave acts of your glory,  
 You shall great volumes fill of *Ballad-story*;  
 Whilst daily at t' *Andrews* corner there are sung,  
 The *Ropes* shall be yours, wherewith the Bels are rung.

Of Tombs his being Preacher in the Temple, And then  
 afterwards a new Gate made thereinto from  
 the Diuel-Tavern.

ONce near the *Temples* pinnacle was seen  
 A Spirit unclean, and that the like hath been  
 Mongst *Tombs* I've heard, so that not strange to see  
*Tombs* and the Diuel sweetly to agree.

*Tombs*

*Tombs* was the first, this *Diuels* morrice led ;  
 Since thousands are there, him have followed :  
 'Twixt the *Devil* and *Temple* since such harmony,  
 That each to other passeth readily.  
 Yea, each of these with us hath the same lot,  
 To each we offer that they hurt us not :  
 And now the *Templers* getting where he was,  
 The *Devil* to him's no better than an *Asse*.  
*New-gate* and *Temple* are now very near,  
 To th' *Diuel* fro th' *Temple* the way now is clear.

---

*Cromwell's march to Grocers-Hall.*

**R**oom, room, make room, for your great General,  
 That on his march is now to *Grocers-Hall* :  
 His Rusties, and his Mufties, making way,  
 With bare teeth, fore him to a City fray,  
 And, as he rideth, he ducketh, the boyes to court,  
 Whilst they of this his courtship make them sport ;  
 Only a *Butcher*, a true well-bred Lown,  
 In Wastecoats, red as *Bradshaw's* Scarlet Gown ;  
 Within a Coach thinking he had seen his Fere,  
 Would *Rumps* and *Kidneys* fain have chang'd with her.  
 But on they go, and got the *Hall* within,  
 Their brains with *Sack* well warm'd, there doth begin  
 A Fray, inflam'd with many a well fill'd Glass,  
 As thereto th' Counter-scuffle is an *Asse*.  
 Cushions, their breeches till now ne'r did know ;  
 Now valiantly they at each other throw.

And



And *Atkins* hath out-flung with that smart spring,  
 And its guts 'bout his cares so fluttering;  
 That Sack and it, so dye his chops in red,  
 No guts in's breech he hath left him, less in's head.  
 And now enough hath each of Pepper-grains,  
 Whilst each want Nutmegs yet, to coole his brains.  
 And in their Lords Coach set is such a spoak,  
 That now he needs wheels most, they all are broak.

---

*Grand signieur and his Bashaws.*

**G**rand *Signieur Cromwell* now himself bewails,  
 For spreading so faire's grander *Bashaws* sailes;  
 For now, for want of *Ballast*, every day,  
 Each their great Masters threatens to over-sway:  
 Yea so farre are they now with him to bring,  
 In no wise will they hear of's being King.  
 Meantime, whilst we in *Coffee* daily health,  
 To make good w' have a *Turkish* Common-wealth;  
 And with our *Turkish* manners now we see,  
 This *Turkish Phthesende* so well to agree:  
 Come forth, for God's sake, all you Christian Kings:  
 And clip this great *Turks*, with his *Bashaws* wings;  
 And do a work, may well become you t'own,  
 Settle an exile brother on his Throne.

*Upon the fall of the Stair of the Banqueting-house.*

**T**He *Janisaries* to their grand *Signieur* come,  
 To visite, as to visite *Mecha's Tombe*.  
 No sooner hath the Visier the room entred  
 Of's great Lords presence, and there bold' adventred  
 To make's address, the rest now on the stairs,  
 To drink in, what he spews with greedy eares:  
 But now they gotten up unto their height,  
 Soon sink those stairs under their sinfull weight.  
 Examine their Religious very winde,  
 As steady as best of all them shall you find.  
 Their villany is that, which sinks them dead  
 To th' deep *Ayffe*, as Talents may of Lead.  
 And maketh mean time their white, indeed *Blacks Hall*  
 No other than a Creeples *Hospitall*:  
 Where heads are broak, and arms, and legs, and thighs;  
 But necks kept for a *Tiburn* sacrifice.  
 We cannot of that sad disaster hear  
 In the *Black-Friars*, and not shed a tear.  
 For that, though th' Sufferers were o'th' *Romish* side;  
 Yet that they were Christians cannot be deny'd.  
 Such heathenish Rebels these, whom *Bride-well* sound,  
 May in a spittle sick be justly found:  
 And now may y' see what 'tis to make your King,  
 From th' same room to pass to his suffering;  
 And take this for the First-fruits of your doom,  
 For Crowning thus your King with Martyrdom.



*Upon the Authors late loss of a Parsonage, for a passage in  
an Epistle of his to a Sermon lately Printed,  
intitling the Knaves ever; day turning.*


**T**Ruth, as of old, so much more now's become  
Of hatred, such a mother unto some,  
That, let a man, a Knave, but dare to name,  
More wince than that one will, as all the same;  
So have I heard it be with many string,  
No sooner is one touch'd, but all do ring.  
That Cow-babe *Fines*, Fr' a Towr a shade can fright,  
Dares quarrel yet Patrons undoubted fight;  
And tender he, the least worm dares not harm,  
'Gainst Justice yet will stoutly lift his arme.  
And boldly, blindly, sentence give that way,  
Gold-weights the scale of Justice he findes sway;  
And *Lisle*, poor Fool, that all th' while *whitlock* fate.  
His fleering Grinders ne're dust ope to prate,  
Now, like a *Virginal-jack*, he still doth chatter,  
Though whether't be in tune, or no, no matter.  
Such *Gemini*-keepers are they for this *Isle*,  
That 'tis *Treslisle Fines*, as 'tis *Fines Trelisle*:  
So peaceably are these two Consuls bent,  
They'l ne're divided be in Argument:  
But causes 'twixt them s' order'd may you see,  
That 'tis nought else, but *K. me*, I'l *K. thee*.  
Nor may good men see better dayes e're hope,  
Till this their sweet accord end in a Rope.

*Amen.*  
*To*








*O his highly esteemed Friend  
 and Cousin, John, Lord  
 Grenville, Baron of Stow,  
 Earl of Bath and Biddi-  
 forde, Lord-warden of the Stanneryes,  
 and Lord Lieutenant of Devon and  
 Cornwall, and one of his Majesties  
 most Honourable Privy-Council, and one  
 of the Getlemen of his Bed-Chamber.*

*Gratior est pulchro veniens è corpore virtus ;*

*What by a gracefull is express'd,  
 Is in mens thoughts more vigorously express'd.*

1553

100

1901 - 1902

WOLF, N. 1911. 8. 11. 11. 11.





GEORGE  
THE  
SECOND  
FORERUNNER TO  
CHARLES  
*The Second.*

**T**O Good King *Edgar*'s never dying praise,  
'Tis storied, he to God doth *Temples* raise;  
*Monks* for the *Temples*, and that th' *Monks* abide,  
Doth for them liberal maintenance provide.  
Loe here a *Monk* this *Edgar* doth out-vie,  
He breath, without which th' English Church must dye,  
Restores unto this Church, in that the King,  
Its nostrils breath, he doth home safely bring.  
Nay *George* as well as *Monk* is he, and hath  
*Dragon Rumpsters* put to endless scath.

Go on Great *George*, and make truth once more  
 Greater to make tis than to be a King.  
 And th' reason by every boy is given daily,  
*Quod tale efficit magis est tale.*  
 And since of late to our great good unthought,  
 From t' *Andrews* Cross, thy self *George* whom th' hast  
 As *Boniface* doth on th' Imperial Throne, brought,  
 Set *Phocas*, which to give yet's not his own;  
 Whilst he with universal *Bishops* name,  
 Doth *Boniface* throughout the Worlds fame;  
 Our gracious Sovereign to thee prove a *Carle*,  
 I would not have, but Duke of *Albemarle*;  
 Let him create thee, yea, let him still live,  
 More honours of thy worth farre short to give,  
 And the *George-Garter* let make still appear,  
 Th' a second English *George* dosts justly hear.  
 That lately hast found out a new *Charles-Wain*,  
 For transfretting *Charles* thorough the Main.  
 Nay then th' Kings *Scire* more must thy praise times sing,  
 That but a Prince thee getting, this a King.  
 Now *Rebel-Scot*, whose *Vice-Roy George* did ragin  
 Of late, too late 'tis to call *George* again;  
 Nor may *Pharisees* ever hope more quarrels  
 To raise against our Sovereign Lord King *Charles*.  
 Yea this, and much more than I can say,  
 Was by thee finished, *George* on *Charles* Birth-day.  
 Now *Lilly* is in his *Prognosticks* faded,  
 And *Wharton's Almanack* true as he that made it;  
 Even now about much, each with other face,  
 And th' former take the latters *New-Gate* place.  
 And the Fates now observe we may decree,  
 Climbe *Haman* shall *Mordecai's* cursed Tree.

And



And base *Arguile* according to his merit,  
 Shall great *Montrosses* unjust fate inherit ;  
 And that the *Den'shire* man's the first day tryed  
 A Courtier, now's the *Proverb* verifed.  
 Since *Grenvile*, *Monk*, and *Morris*, bear all date,  
 Fro' th' same Birth-day o' their great *Triumvirate*.

---

*A knotty Dialogue betwixt the Good Lord Say, and the  
 Good Earl of Northampton.*

**A** Learned speech when many a *Peer* had made  
 In their own House, according to th' old trade,  
 Up crawls old *Say*, by site of th' Isle of *Lundee*,  
 But by Religion of the Town of *Dundee*, (Prayer,  
 And clamours Bishops, and th' Book of Common-  
 As th' onely Trumpets to this unhallowed war.  
 To whom up riseth the compos'd Lord *Compton*,  
 And thus (right Son o' th' Church as he is) he mumps  
 Your Lordships farre from being in the right, (him.  
 That Prayer thus, and Bishops to despite.  
 For not that Prayer the cause was, nor the Myter,  
 But only the Hellish Spirit of *Jack-Presbyter*.  
 And that this true is, you can't chose but gather,  
 Peace, Prayer and Miter, being return'd together.  
 And that our miseries sensibly now slack,  
 Since rooted out is now *New-Elder-Jack*.  
 Now *Calvin* may go look for his (Obey,)  
 Since *Constantines* old Bishops now're to sway :

Nay reason now shall we all have to sing,  
 We Lawn-sleeves, Surplice, Crosse, we'l have and Ring.  
 And now our Church to collective old *Fines*,  
 Shall say, thou sha'nt profane what ere mine is.  
 Now *Presters* teeth so dull'd are, he can't bite,  
 And th' Mask is pull'd off from this Hypocrite.

---

*Upon some of the late Kings Judges.*

**A** *Tkins*, that hast thought it th'greatest height of art,  
 To sweeten with the best perfume a Fart.  
 Thou ne're thought'st of tasting the waters of *Marah*,  
 Till the Trump now for *Tiburn* sounds *Tarah, rah, rah,*  
(rah.  
 Lords *Fichburn* and *Ireton*, that as sharp were as Verjuice  
 In shutting up th' Church-doors 'gainst our *Christmas* ser-  
 You ne'r thought of tasting the waters of *Marah*, (vice;  
 Till the Trump now for *Tiburn* sounds *Tarah, rah, rah,*  
(rah.

---

*Upon the Author's Twelve pound Bishoprick at Maribone,  
 Given him by John Foreset Esquire.*

**T** He leanness of my Bishoprick let none deride,  
 Since th' better part by *Fore-sets* set aside.  
 This Seas yet pulse, and water, me more clear,  
 Than th' richest wines, and all the daintiest fare,  
 That the most errant, raging, Tyrants boord.  
 With all its greatest gayties can afford.  
 But why the Bishops sea's call'd *Maribone*,  
 Mens several fancies are not like, less one.

That.



( 27 )

That *Maribones* 'tis call'd fro' a bone of Marrow;  
Is a conjecture that is much too narrow;  
Of all conjectures that is true alone;  
From *Maria bona* tis call'd *Marybone*.

*Scripsit Didimus Bullingerus Episcopus Maribonensis. Annis, 56, 57, 58, 59. 60. Ipse natus sex plusquam sexaginta.* (Horse,

Now th' Church robbing *Major*, with his more holy  
Thought y' had made a Covenant with Lady *Mors*.  
You ne're thought of tasting the waters of *Marah*,  
Till the Trump now for *Tiburn* sounds *Tarah, rah, rah, rah*.

Thou Lord *Say* and *Seal* dost so sharply inveigh  
'Gainst the holy Book, whereby daily we pray;  
Thou ne're thoughtst of tasting the waters of *Marah*,  
Till the Trump now for *Tiburn* sounds *Tarah, rah, rah, rah*.

Let a man for his person be never so bold,  
Thou *Lambert* canst prove he may be a Cuckold; (*rah*,  
Whilst thou ne'r thought of tasting the waters of *Ma*-  
Till the Trump now for *Tiburn* sounds *Tarah, rah, rah, rah*.  
(time,

Thou *Cromwell* hast swallowed the whole World for a  
And thoughtst in bright lustre th' very Sun to out-shine,  
But ne're thoughtst of tasting the waters of *Marah*,  
Till the Trump thee to *Tophet* call all *Tarah, rah, rah, rah*.

Go you cursed, &c. Mat. 25. 41.

Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise  
perish, Luke 13. 3.

Qualis vita, Finis ita.

---

F I N I S.